

TOM THE PIPER'S SON.



Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he ran,
The pig was eat and Tom was beat,
And Tom came running down the
Yes, yes, Tom stole the pig, [street,
There is the man that made it.

**LONDON. T. GOODE, 30, AYLESBURY-
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CHILDREN'S BOOK
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LOS ANGELES



There is the man that made it.
Yes, yes, I can stole the pig, I can,
And Tom came running down the
The pig was eaten and Tom was dead.
Stole a pig and away he ran,
Tom, Tom, the pig's a son.

THE B. GOSSET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA
STREET, CLARENCEVILLE.
LONDON: T. GOSSET, 30, WATERLOO

TOM

THE PIPER'S SON.



Tom he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he
was young,
All the tunes that he could
play
Was over the hills and far
away.



Now Tom after this learned
to play with such skill,
That whoever heard him
could never stand still.
As soon as he play'd they
began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs
Would after him prance.



He met with old dame Trot
 With a basket of eggs,
 He used his pipe and she
 used her legs.
 She danced about till her
 eggs were all broke,
 Then he left her to fret
 While he laugh'd at the joke



Tom saw a cross fellow who
 was beating an ass,
 Heavy laden with pots,
 pans, dishes and glass.
 He played them a jig and
 they danc'd to the tune
 And the Jack asses load,
 Was lightened full soon.



Once a dog got a sow fast
by the ear,
The sow squall'd out murder and Tom being near
He play'd them a tune and
they did not dance bad.
Considering the little caper
ing they had.



Tom met with a parson in a
sad dirty place,
When he made him to dance
he had so little grace,
He danced in the dirt till he
danced in the ditch,
Where he left him in mud
quite up to his britch.



Some little time after Tom
slept in some hay;
The very same parson was
passing that way.
He took poor Tom's pipe
and bid him prepare
To answer his crimes before
the Lord Mayor



To the Lord Mayor he took
 him,
 And told him Tom's art,
 To make people dance with
 a sorrowful heart,
 Beg'd he'd send him to sea,
 Where he might teach a
 dance
 To the great Bonaparte, the
 first consul of France





the *Lord's Prayer* by the *Rev.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

My first visit to the
 White House was in 1954.
 I was then a young man.

in the green. Some of the
first of France